

HE NEED REGRET NOTHING

when my father was informed
upon returning in his late thirties
from world war 2
that the hundred pounds he'd lost
was the result of diabetes,

he shot himself with insulin every day
and he watched his diet
and he took his urine tests
and he went to work every day
while doing his best
to tread the tightrope between
coma and insulin shock,

and he put up with my mother
and he attended all my athletic events
and every night he sipped imperial blend
with water back.
he said it was only beer and wine
that he wasn't supposed to drink,

but his sister, my aunt bea, once told me,
"i used to say to your father,
'ivan, the doctor said you could
drink a little!'"

still he never got really drunk
nor even really hungover
although i suppose the hiram walker
helped to usher in
some of the episodes when he would have
to be hospitalized.

he died early, aged about fifty, of a heart attack,
just after i finished high school.
he was a very good father to me.
i suppose he could have lived longer
without the evening whiskey
but as it is he died quickly and cleanly —
he died before he could lose
his eyesight, his arms, his legs,
or his son.

IN MEMORIAM

the few last living men in america
are in mourning for edward abbey.
the few last living women in america
are in mourning for him also.